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SPLENDID DAYS
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THE
SPLENDID DAYS
P O E M S

BY

MAY WEDDERBURN CANNAN

OXFORD
B. H. BLACKWELL, BROAD STREET
NEW YORK: LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., FOURTH AVENUE
AND 30TH STREET
M CM XIX

By the same Author

IN WAR TIME. B. H. Blackwell, Oxford, 1917

To B. B. Q.-C.



To B. B. Q.-C.

The Song Royal.

ALL beauty and all glory I have known :
The steadfastness of stars : and gentleness :
The young clean courage of the hill-born streams :
The tenderness of twilight : daffodils :
The joy of apple orchards : the sea winds
Strong in the sails of ships : June's happiness,
June shyly proud fulfilling Winter's dreams.
Dawn on the downs : the sure strength of the hills :
The everlasting comfort of the sea :
All these are mine because you have loved me :
All these you loved, and dying, gave to me.

All beauty and all glory I have known :
True love : which is unshaken happiness :
And courage : in the splendour of our days :
And tenderness : in the dear things we said :
And truth : in your true kisses on my lips :
And safety : in your heart's strong gentleness :
And faith : in the sure faith of our love's ways :
And hope : in our new hope that was the old :
And joy : in our love's utter certainty :
All these are mine because you still love me :
All these, though you are dead, you give to me.

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PART I

SINCE were beloved of you
Not the Laughter alone,
But the Dream and the Tears,
Since you rode not wholly alone
The difficult years :
These for you are alone,
And the Joy, and the Tears.

Since to us both in France,
Most royally alone,
Came the Dream and the Days,
Since I go not wholly alone
The difficult ways :
These for you are alone,
And the Love, and the Days.

Paris-wise

HERE in Paris you and I
Laugh so that we shall not cry :
Says Paris, very wise in years,
‘ Laugh, for no man will love your tears.’

The Armistice

In an Office, in Paris

THE news came through over the telephone :
All the terms had been signed : the War was
won :

And all the fighting and the agony,
And all the labour of the years were done.
One girl clicked sudden at her typewriter
And whispered, ' Jerry's safe ', and sat and stared :
One said, ' It's over, over, it's the end :
The War is over : ended ' : and a third,
' I can't remember life without the war ' .
And one came in and said, ' Look here, they say
We can all go at five to celebrate,
As long as two stay on, just for to-day ' .

It was quite quiet in the big empty room
Among the typewriters and little piles
Of index cards : one said, ' We'd better just
Finish the day's reports and do the files ' .
And said, ' It's awf'ly like *Recessional*,
Now when the tumult has all died away ' .
The other said, ' Thank God we saw it through ;
I wonder what they'll do at home to-day ' .

And

And said, ' You know it will be quiet to-night

Up at the Front : first time in all these years,

And no one will be killed there any more ',

And stopped, to hide her tears.

She said, ' I've told you ; he was killed in June '.

The other said, ' My dear, I know ; I know . . .

It 's over for me too . . . My Man was killed,

Wounded . . . and died . . . at Ypres . . . three
years ago . . .

And he 's my Man, and I want him,' she said,

And knew that peace could not give back her
Dead.

Paris, November 11, 1918

For G. A. H.

DOWN on the boulevards the crowds went by,
The shouting and the singing died away,
And in the quiet we rose to drink the toasts,
Our hearts uplifted to the hour, the Day :
The King—the Army—Navy—the Allies—
England—and Victory.—
And then you turned to me and with low voice
(The tables were abuzz with revelry),
' I have a toast for you and me ', you said,
And whispered ' Absent ', and we drank
Our unforgotten Dead.

*But I saw Love go lonely down the years,
And when I drank, the wine was salt with tears.*

*The Old Army, The Special Reserve,
The O.T.C., and the Territorial Force*

THESE beyond all the others now
Remember we and praise,
Who first learnt war before the War
In the old careless days ;
And through the laughter and the jests
Went lone laborious ways.

These beyond all the others kept
Us from the Last Mischance,
Who in the first hot August went
Simply to Death in France ;
The while those Later learned, and so
Won their deliverance.

These were not moved by Wrong or Woe
Nor Orders of the years,
Nor dead men's silence, who were first,
Before the volunteers ;
Who died at Mons, on Marne and Aisne,
At Ypres and Armentières.

These

These fought in desperate days, nor saw
How this the end should be,
These without help held the long Line
For men they could not see ;
Nor saw the new Battalions come
Who now have victory.

*These beyond all the rest to-day
Remember we and praise,
Who learned of war for this our War
And died in the dark days ;
Whereby Young Love and Hope are met,
Whereby our Honour stays.*

For a Girl

Paris, November 11 1918

GO cheering down the boulevards
And shout and wave your flags,
Go dancing down the boulevards
In all your gladdest rags :
And raise your cheers and wave your flags
And kiss the passer-by,
But let me break my heart in peace
For all the best men die.

It was ' When the War is over
Our dreams will all come true,
When the War is over
I'll come back to you ' ;
And the War is over, over,
And they never can come true.

Go cheering down the boulevards
In all your brave array,
Go singing down the boulevards
To celebrate the day :
But for God's sake let me stay at home
And break my heart and cry,

B

I've

I've loved and worked, and I'll be glad,
But all the best men die.

It was ' When the War is over
Our dreams will all come true,
When the War is over
I'll come back to you ' ;
And the War is over, over,
And they never can come true.

The Menin Road

WHEN you went up and down the Road,
The Menin Road, in the Great War,
I wonder if you ever thought
Of me, that was so very far.

And when you lay on windy nights
And watched the clouds blot out the blue,
I wonder if you thought at all
Of the dear things that we should do.

Oh, I remember it was spring
And you went riding in a wood,
Did violets blow then, in the days
Before I understood ?

And it was Summer once, at Mons,
Hot nights of August panting still,
And you were tired beyond all thought,
And there was nothing left, but will.

I'll never know the things you thought,
Nor half the things you used to say,
Only, you were at Ypres—and Loos—
And fought there, upon such a day.

But somehow it's on Winter nights
I see you take the Road again,
When all the earth was bursting shell,
And all the sky was pelting rain.

I used to lie awake and think,
And think, about the Old Front Line,
But that was long ago, and I
Had no right then to call you mine.

And I'll be very glad, My Dear,
When your strong hands hold mine once more,
But oh, my heart is sad because
I never rode with you to war.

Paris Leave

DO you remember, in Paris, how we two dined
On your Leave's last night,
And the happy people around us who laughed and
sang,

And the great blaze of light.

And the big bow-window over the boulevard
Where our table stood,

And the old French waitress who patted your
shoulder and

Told us that love was good.

(We had lingered so long watching the crowds that
moved

In the street below,

And saying the swift dear things of Lovers newly
met,

That she had guessed us so.)

I remember her smile, and the ring of your spurs
On the polished stair ;

And the touch of your hand, and the clear
November night,

And the flags everywhere.

I remember

I remember the Concorde, and the fountains' splash,
 The black captured guns ;
 And the grey-haired men with their wives who wept and kissed, and
 The lovers of their sons.

And the French girls with their poilus who linked their hands
 To dance round us two,
 And sang '*Ne passeront pas*', till one broke loose and flung
 Her arms wide and kissed you.

She was all France that night, and you brave Angleterre,
 The unfailing friend ;
 And I cried, 'Vive la France', and we told each other again
 The War was at an end.

It was so hard to believe it was really won,
 And the waiting past ;
 That the years wherein we knew death were under our feet,
 And our Love crowned at last. . . .

I remember

I remember most now the faces of the girls,
And the still, clear stars.

*We said we were glad later lovers would never know
The bitterness of wars.*

The lamp of the courtyard gate was bright on the
old

Ribbons on your breast ;

And the songs and the voices died down the
boulevards.

You said that Love was best.

‘ Now I will make new happy songs ’

NOW I will make new happy songs
That you have taught to me,
Of windy nights in Paris town,
Of stars in Picardy ;
But best of all when Summer comes,
My Dear, for you and me.

Now I will make new happy songs
That you have taught to me,
Of English roses born in June,
Of dreams in Picardy ;
But best of all in early June,
My Dear, for you and me.

Now I will make new happy songs,
For you will come to me
Safe with the sunlight on your sword
From fields of Picardy,
To go with me, My Dear, and teach
The song of songs to me.

The Day's Work

Dedicatory for an Office Magazine

WE bring you merchandise
From near and far,
Who have grown very wise
And old in War.

We know our hearts' desires,
How strong they be :
We would build our camp-fires
From sea to sea.

We know our hands, their power,
These too we give :
And our lives' little hour
Whereby we live.

We bring small merchandise
When all is said :
We pray our day's work buys
Our daily bread.

English Leave

KNEEL then in the warm lamplight, O my
Love,
Your dear dark head against my quiet breast,
And take me in your arms again and so
Hush my tired heart to rest ;
And say that of all glories you have won
My love's most dear and best.

Only to-night I want you all my own,
(To-morrow I will laugh and bid you go,)
That if these fourteen days of heaven on earth
Are all the love-time we shall ever know
I may remember I am yours : My Dear,
Hold me still closer, still . . . and tell me so.

Courage

WHEN Hope was fled,
Then Courage came, and said,
' I will lift up your head,
Who with Love watched the bed
Of your dear Dead,
And he go comforted '.

Death

LORD, since you let him die and did not save
 My own dear Love for me,
 And since my heart has gone to him
 Over in Germany,
 I only have one prayer to make
 To you for him and me.

That you will give him in your Heaven
 (Dear Lord, I know him well),
 Neither the harps nor floors of gold
 Of which I have heard tell,
 Nor jasper nor onyx palaces,
 Nor fields of asphodel.

Give him some windy seaport town
 With cliffs and tumbled shores,
 And a swift boat with big brown sails,
 And a great pair of oars ;
 And a wind sweet-scented from the land,
 And the sun bright on grey tors.

Give him a horse to ride, bare fields,
 And the dear friends he knew,
 And in the springtime flowers to find
 And distant hills, all blue ;

And

And violets for the memory
Of things we used to do.

Give me June roses when I go
To meet him, for the rest,
That he, young, splendid, strong, may crush
Red roses to my breast,
And kiss my lips again, and so
Find love in Heaven best.

Fulfilment

DEAR, since you've gone across the other
side
(Beyond the stars, men say), you'll wait for me
Who only wish I also could have died,
And ask of God that he
For love will make the waiting not too long :
And if I'm old
And you still young and strong,
And all the laughter has gone from my eyes
And from my hair the gold ;
You will devise
Quickly some way to come to me, and fold
Me in your arms again, and kiss away
The loneliness that breaks my heart to-day.
And afterwards, since God is very kind
And we have only had our twenty days,
Perhaps together he will let us find
Down the blue waterways
The wedded love we had no time to know :
And if I'm sad
(And you loved laughter so),
You'll kiss my lips to laughter back again,
My eyes to make them glad ;

Until

Until the pain
That is a sword across the joy we had
Is but a flame of glory in our bliss,
The dear true passion of our lovers' kiss.

Dusk

NOW in the evening every day
When I have done with work and play
And seek for sleep my room ;
Low in the quiet gloom,
After I've knelt to pray,
I'll tell my Love what I have done all day.

Young Adventure

I KNOW why I've grown old : it is because
 you died
 Splendidly young : and when you went away
 My youth went with you, lest you should ride one
 day
 On some new high adventure, and beyond any
 friend
 Your heart call mine (because the way was long,
 Because the way was hard), who dreamed me
 strong
 To kiss good-bye and bless the journey's end.
 And if my youth had stayed on earth with me,
 With me who am so very tired and sad
 (So tired that April cannot make me glad,
 That bugles in the morning break my heart),
 I might (though I would also play my part
 Bravely, since you once called me very brave)
 Kiss with less courage than I used to do.
 My heart you had, my life, and when you died
 I became old : I sent my youth with you.

After

DEAR, since it was for England that you died
Who so adored her, I will love her still ;
But when all 's hushed save lapping of the tide
And lights are yellow on Polruan hill,
You'll understand
That since I cannot reach to you my hand
And say ' how beautiful ', and after say,
' We have been very happy all to-day ',
My love for her has grown a little sad :
And though, remembering, I will be glad
When all the ships hang out their riding lights,
I shall not count them now that you are dead,
But wonder what you do in Heaven o' nights
And lift my eyes beyond the hill instead,
And wonder which of all the stars I see
Is the new star you have hung out for me.

A Queen Passes

I AM a Queen who have your love for crown,
And so go royally through the world of men ;
Who have my dreams for soldiers ; for my shield
Our days that live within my heart again ;
For council the brave certainties of youth,
Love's wisdom that we knew—
Oh, I'll go royally Queen with these until
Death gives me back to you :
And then I'll lift the gold crown from my head
And laugh to be the girl you loved instead.

Stars

WE looked at Orion one cold night—
Very still in the blue
Were the stars that are his Belt and Sword,
The only stars I knew—
The stars that God set in His sky
Ages ago for you,
Since you were a soldier-lover, and died,
And a girl gave her heart to you.

Friendship, 1919

WHEN Love came to me she was glad
Though she had seen her true love die :
Her eyes were very quiet and sad,
I never saw her cry,
Until my own Love died, and she
Bowed her brave head and cried for me.

Possession

THEY tell me I possess my heart
 Most marvellous quietly ; that 's not true,
 Because I gave my heart away,
 My Very Dear, to you :
 And being so possessed I know
 The strength your brave heart knew.

To —

IF you should die first of us two
 Who went the same hard way,
 I'll only ask your heart to hold
 This of our yesterday ;
 That you will speak some words for me
 To my Love when you may.

(You'll find him as he looks for me
 O' nights at Heaven's Gate) ;
 Tell him my heart comes quick to him
 Though God keeps me so late :
 Tell him I love, and in his love
 I have grown strong to wait.

Tell

Tell him my hands go out to him
With every sun that sets ;
Tell him all kissing's done on earth
Before my mouth forgets :
Tell him my tears are hot for him
Upon his violets.

Tell him his name is on my lips
With every wakening breath ;
Tell him he has killed fear for me
Who have no fear of Death :
Tell him my heart remembers him
As Love remembereth.

*And say he brought great joy to me
Who come as quickly as may be.*

To Certain Men

Who were old in a time of War and held belief in Young Love

YOU had met Life and Death before
We reached our proven days,
You said the things that kept our hearts
Unhurt in Beauty's ways.

You did not lift your hands and cry
Shame on our young estate,
Nor hold we were, as many held,
Weak, vain, degenerate.

You saw the world your manhood made
Go crashing down to dust,
And give us for our steadying
Ungrudgingly your trust.

You who will never see your sons'
Sons take their heritage,
Give us your grief to go with us
In the long wars we wage.

You

You know the Dream to which we hold
In our most lonely state,
And from your sorrow turn to us
Whose hearts are desolate,

And tell us that there is no life
For memory too long,
That Love is always with the Loved,
The Battle to the Strong,

And keep belief in our young love,
Whereby, made doubly sure,
We hold the pledge our Lovers gave
Through which we go secure.

‘*These Lovers*’

THESE lovers love in happy-wise
 And are secure,
 Through this our present sacrifice
 Which doth endure :
Beyond the fires
Of Love's desires
Our love is sure.

These lovers love and have no fear
 Within their bliss,
 Because my Love died yester-year
 To give them this :
The love we've known
Lives not alone
In hand or kiss.

These lovers love, and know the ways
 Of groom and bride,
 Because upon their wedding-days
 We lonely ride :
Be sure we know
How Love doth go
Whose Lovers for Love died.

At Dawn

ALL night I tossed, troubling my heart
What next with life to do :
Wond'ring what you would wish, and could not
sleep
The long dark through :
But when the dawn came very still and cold,
Painting the window blue,
And the new hope went out to meet the old,
My heart was hushed and knew
(Though you are dead and all our love is vain,
Heart of my Heart, to bring you back again)
That first of all things left for me to do,
Though you are dead, is simply to love you.

A New Song

IT'S very far from Waterloo
 To Rouen in the rain,
 Southampton over to Le Havre
 Where the Drafts entrain :
 It's not so far for loving hearts
 To fields of Picardy,—
 I took some roses to a man
 That his girl gave to me.

Pull out, pull out from Waterloo,
 Our hearts have gone before,
 We'll thank the little gods who send
 Us nearer to our War :
 It's not so far from Rouen town
 To fields of Picardy—
 I've seen the wounded men come down
 To sleep in Normandy.

It's very far from Waterloo
 Out to the cruel Rhine,
 It's farther still to Heaven's Gate
 For sad hearts like mine :
 Victoria, Folkestone, and Boulogne,
 The way all lovers know—
 We used to see our men go out,
 But they'll not let us go.

Pull

Pull out, pull out from Waterloo,
 Our hearts have gone before,
 We'll thank the gods that give us jobs
 To tidy up the War :
 And English loves sleep soft and sound
 In kindly Picardy—
 But my Love lies in lonelier ground
 Over in Germany.

It 's very far from Waterloo
 To London where they dance,
 It 's not so far from Heaven's Gate
 Across in broken France :
 Southampton over to Le Havre,
 We used to know the way—
 We used to see the Drafts go up
 Where we'll go up to-day.

Pull out, pull out from Waterloo,
 We'll get back to our war,
 Our hearts are over with our men
 Who will come back no more :
*And English loves sleep soft and sound
 In kindly Picardy—
 But my Love lies in lonelier ground
 Over in Germany.*

Soldier-Love

TIME will fold all our darling love away,
The beauty and the splendour that was ours
Will later lovers take to light their day,
And wear for one another our own flowers.

But far beyond the passion Paris knew
Hot-footed on the journey to blown Troy,
They'll hold the love of soldiers such as you
Who gave the Generations back to joy.

‘ When I Shall Come ’

WHEN I shall come through all the world
at last

Upon some evening late,
And Peter ask me what I did on earth
That he should open for me Heaven's gate,

I shall not try to think of all the things
I did, and failed to do,
But put my hands against my heart that is
A brown bird singing at the thought of you,

And say I was a woman, and I gave
One man all love I had,
And he went out to the Great War and died,
But since I loved him was made very glad.

And Michael, who is leader in God's wars,
Will take the golden key
And say, ' I know her Soldier, let her in ',
And turn the lock, and swing the door for me.

And the great angels will lift up their swords
For me as I go through,
And turn back to their watch again, and I
Shall hold your hands and be again with you.

Good-night

I'VE thought of you all day,
And now night comes, and sleep—
O dear dead Lover keep
The love I've thought all day :
Dear Love, I've loved all day.

My dreams are yours to-night,
My dreams until I wake—
O Soldier-Lover, take
My lips to kiss good-night :
My Only Love, Good-night.

In the End

WHAT shall I say when we shall meet again,
O dear and splendid Lover of my heart ?
What shall I tell of all the weary days,
The long half-life on earth I lived apart ?
I (being tired) will say that I loved you,
And you will kiss me, knowing it is true.

PART II

*THESE were the Splendid Days,
 And they are fled,
 Now go we lonely ways,
 Our Loves are dead :
 Only the vision stays
 And the word said.*

*Now never Splendid Days
 The years will bring,
 Now go we lonely ways
 Remembering :
 Still with the Lover stays
 The given ring.*

*For a Wedding**In Oxford in Time of War*The
Church
Tower.

GIVE greeting to you, Day, blue Day ; again
 The young earth wakens singing after rain ;
 The tall towers, rain-washed, tremble to the sky,
 Much passes, much, great kings ride out to die ;
 (Over the bridge there, one small hour ago.)
 Old men teach wisdom gravely (row on row
 Down in the halls there) ; young men with
 bright eyes

Dream dreams, build Empires, triumph, agonize :
 Silence : the dawn wind whispers, kisses the grass.
 Much passes ; much ; but some things do not
 pass—

Love, and June roses, and the hearts of men
 Uplifted to blue mornings ; and again
 Love, and girls' laughter : these are born anew—
Look, by the stream there, Love made ribbons blue.

The
Church.

Love built me hoping much, I keep Love still,
 Those who kneel on my chancel steps take Love
 for good or ill,
 Richer or poorer : here in my solemn shade
 d
 Priests

Priests in white raiment join their hands together,
 a man and a maid :
 Out from my shadow they go to the sun, loving
 and unafraid.

The
 Flowers.

They called us beautiful and brought us
 Up from the gardens here and wrought us
 Cunningly round the stone :
 Up from the gardens where we grew
 White, the clear white of stars, and June day blue,
 Left us alone :
 But ' she is beautiful ' we heard them say
 Who wakes this morning to her day
 With one white rose her own.
 Love 's in June gardens, every Lover knows ;
Hush, by the door there, myrtle ; myrtle, a rose. . . .

The
 Organ.

I am youth, I am hope, I am wonder,
 I am dreams and all that 's thereunder,
 I am winds, and dawn in high places,
 I am water, swift water that races
 And tumbles and turns to the mill :
 I am night, night of stars in the pass,
 I am scent of wild thyme in warm grass,
 I am shadows blown over the hill :

I am

I am day, blazing day, on the sea,
 I am flower of an old apple-tree :
 I am love of a man for a maid,
 I am ecstasy fearless, afraid,
 I am trumpets that call and are still.
 Come in through the heavy swung door
 Where the sunshine gold-splashes the floor
 To the love that endureth for ever,
 To the joy that awaits you together ;
 I call to you, call, and am still.

The
 Bride-
 groom.

No ! take away your cupids and the rest,
 Your pale pink cupids with their silly shafts ;
 Your lovesick maids would shiver in the blasts
 Of a cold warring world. Now, love goes by
 Bravely with sword on thigh,
 And O my Love comes best
 In white and blue and cloth of silver dressed,
 And one hand warm on a rose.
 Slowly the pale choir goes,
 The organ speaks like drums,
 The great door swings, she comes
 Up from the darkling aisle—
 Gaily she comes, with a smile,

Bravely as fits a bride :
 And I turn and move to her side.
 Silver, and white, and blue,
 The world stands back . . . We two !

The Bride. This is the hour that long ago I knew,
 For which was all the wonder of my years,
 For which I have known laughter, difficult tears ;
 Known high adventure, and the restless heart ;
 For which I have gone friended, stood apart ;
 Despaired, exulted, lived my splendid hours . . .
 Music, and boys' clear voices . . . and white
 flowers . . .
 And his great sword . . . and all the world to
 shake . . .
 Stillness . . . my voice uplifted . . . his ' I take ' . . .
 ' My troth ' . . . the ring . . . my finger slipping
 through . . .
 And all the world for us . . . we two . . . we
 two ! . . .

The
 Organ.

Now that it 's over, ended,
 Now is the vision splendid,
 Now is the world begun.

Now

The
Brides-
maids.

Now that it 's over, ended,
Take our love that befriended
Life in the day that 's done.

The West
Window.

Blue for her blue the June day sky,
Silver for silver the rain gone by,

The
Flowers.

Look ! on his sword the sun.

A Letter

SUMMER in England ! O My Dear,
 I only wish that you were here :
 The sky is very blue,
 And there 's the river blue and green
 With amber-coloured lights between
 To float a small canoe :
 And there 's a willow-tree for shade,
 And tea and bread and marmalade,
 Pale orange, for us two.

Do you know how the river runs
 Far, very far, from Flanders' guns
 Between the fields of hay ?
 Right up above the Grey Stone Pool
 Where the swift water tumbles cool
 We might have gone to-day :
 Gone past the weir above the Bridge,
 And seen the sun on Hinksey ridge,
 And water-rats at play ;

For once forgot the tides that break
 Against our hearts, forgot to shake
 The world, forgot to dream :

And

And seen the river running by
The hills, mist-muffled, next the sky
That all untrodden seem :
And when the shadowed evening came
With dripping paddles sun-aflame
Dropped homewards with the stream.

Last night behind the apple-tree
There was a baby moon to see,
Silver and very far :
And there were wallflowers drooping down
To sleep, gay wallflowers gold and brown,
And the dark deodar :
The lilac, pale—you know the way
Of a hot English night in May.
There came one little star. . . .

For GRACE

(December 1917)

JOHN safe sleeping,
The firelight creeping
(Flicker and flare round the quiet room) :
You in the chair,
The light upon your hair,
And your pearls ashine in the gloom.
The moonlight 's a sword on the hills to-night,
But the cradle ribbons are pink and white,
You and the child and the brave firelight,
And the warmth of the quiet room.

Love

(For a Girl)

SUCH a still night,
With patient stars,
And moonlight
In level bars :
O hush your heart, my dear, in spite
Of the old scars.

You were so gay
Who now are wise,
No shadows lay
Within your eyes :
Only you're tired, tired, you say,
Such sweet brave lies.

You walked with mirth
Who now are sad,
All the earth
But made you glad :
Sorrow and joy come at birth,
But what have you had ?

Twenty years past,
And all you'll miss

Comes

Comes at the last,
A lover's kiss,
Five days, a month,
And you must fast,
Your life's love, this.

A night of stars,
And lonely, you
Pray at God's bars,
' Ah, let me through ;
And one who wears Your battle's scars
Shall welcome me for You.'

To H. D. P.-T.

Born after the War

NOW all the world is yours, the sun, the
stars,
And Life that 's very sweet,
And Happiness, won lately in the Wars,
And Dream of Youth ; all these under your feet.

I who am poor in laughter bring the joy
I folded safe away
To make more glad the glad heart of a boy :
My Youth's fulfilment I bring you to-day.

Flying

(July 1918. For —)

THE sunset was a glory in the West,
Crimson, and scarlet red,
But the night dark against the window-pane,
Against the lintel and your bright bowed head :
‘ The river is so very quiet to-night,
And all the birds flown safely home ’, you said ;
‘ There is a wind, and it is dark to-night ;
‘ *Such a dark night for flying* ’, low you said.

Houses

For GRACE

YOU made a home for your son, and smiled
to see

All in fair order set :

But when you made it (and I helped),

Our hearts could not forget

(Nor now as then)

The dear small homes we meant to make

With our two men :

With Love for our two men.

‘She I Love’

SHE I love is very fair
With white roses in her hair
And white roses in her breast,
Her dear heart is all at rest ;
Loved and loving she has been,
But knows not what love's kisses mean.

I would kiss her mouth and hair
And the sleeping soul of her,
See her heart a flutter dumb,
See her blushes go and come,
See her face with love afire,
Give her all her heart's desire,
Tell her all the love I bear,
Give her roses red to wear ;
But her troubled eyes, I know,
Would forbid my love, and so

I will only be her friend
Patiently until the end,
Never hold her hands and see
Her eyes dark with need of me,
Only kiss her finger tips,
Not the scarlet of her lips.

So

So that if I fall in France
She may only know mischance,
Never bow a tired head
For a lover cold and dead,
Only say a friend has gone
And in gentleness live on.

And the only prayer for me
Is that when she wakens she
May find love, nor ever be
Lonely in her chastity.

‘ Now there were Three Women who Loved ’

SHE had known twenty years of married life
And had borne children, been the happy
wife

For twenty years of her man whom she loved.
And life had moved

Gently with her, and when the War came he
Was just too old to go : her son would be
Sixteen next March : her girl was younger still.
I do not think she dreamed of England till
The first hot August shook her : then the War
Was kept outside her individual door
And she forgot the dream. But she was kind,
I think the War was often in her mind.

We sat once in the twilight and I said
Something about a Girl whose man was dead
After six months of love. The two had seen
Each other in his Leaves, and in between
Had had each other's letters. And I knew
He had adored her. She was twenty-two,

And

And loved him greatly. Life for her was done,
 And she would never bear her man his son.
 And when they said she would forget one day
 And love again, this being the world's way,
 Grave-eyed she faced them saying that would be
 Of all that had been the great tragedy.

She said, ' It is most pitiful and sad,
 The comfort is that it is not so bad
 As if it were my husband that had died
 (She had had twenty years at her man's side),
 She's young and will forget ; she cannot know
 What love is really. Youth thinks always so,
 But still she *will* forget and love again,
 And be the better woman for her pain.'

There was another woman known to me,
 She had been six years married, and had three
 Small boys. And her man went out to the War
 At the beginning, and they loved the more
 For the long separations, being still
 Lovers in thought and word. She hoped until
 Leaves came, and laughed through Leaves, and
 would not say
 Aught of the Fear she lived with night and day.

And when I told her this Girl's man was dead
She thought a little, turned to me and said
That she had had six years of Paradise,
And if she could herself make sacrifice
To the high gods, her heart would be so glad
To give the girl half of the years she'd had.
She was a truthful woman, and I knew
That what she said that even she would do.

My Lords, the tale is told, and for the rest
You shall give judgement which loved Love the
best.

For One Wise

I PRAYED I might die young, feared I'd grow
 old
 And lose the hard-won laughter and the fire
 And generous love of youth : the hot desire,
 The exultations and the ecstasies,
 The quiet after the long agonies,
 The need to give and give, nor count the cost :
 ' If I grow old ', I said, ' All these are lost.'

They made me pray that prayer, they sensible
 And kind, O very kind, in their own way ;
 They said, ' For your to-morrow live to-day ',
 Called me quixotic, dubbed my captains fools,
 Laughed at my palaces and worn-out tools ;
 They said, ' He shall have comfortable years
 Who neither greatly loves, nor hopes, nor fears '.

I hated them, and prayed I might die young,
 And then quite suddenly I thought of you
 Who are so very, very wise, and true,
 And full of understanding, and not hard
 (As youth is sometimes) ; and how you'd never
 barred

The gate on high endeavour and great love ;
 E 2 And

And how you'd laboured for us, and would move
All earth to help us, infinitely kind
And wise and mirthful for us ; and my mind
Went slowly on to know that the great call
To die for what we love comes not to all,
That age, too, is fulfilment and youth's crown ;
And all my bitterness was broken down
Before the love and sorrow that you kept,
And suddenly I wanted you, and wept.

A London Lyric

LONDON town in lilac-time,
Take the train for Kew—
Do the half a million things
That we meant to do ;
April's love and laughter,
All the blooms of May—
You who have your Man with you
Give your lips away.

London town in lily-time,
Roses blow in June—
We once dreamed a million dreams
Of our honeymoon ;
Ship lights down the river,
Star lights up above—
You who have your Girl with you
Kiss your heart's own love.

London town in lilac-time,
Break your heart in two—
London town in lily-time,
God be good to you—
Love lies dead a weary way
Over land and sea,
Rosemary and violets are
The only flowers for me.

The Guards' Camp, Wimbledon Common

THE Eagles came from Rimini—
 Came flaming golden up the hill—
 All the long way from Rimini
 Across the weald which standeth still.

And where the water bubbles up
 In the old well and disappears
 The cohorts halted one by one,
 The red sun fired the steady spears.

And in the shaking July heat,
 And in the gold November damp,
 The people of the Surrey hills
 Counted the fires that marked their camp.

And by the fires on winter nights
 Under the shelter of the wall,
 The Roman soldiers lay and spoke
 Of bitter battles out in Gaul.

The slow years pass, and young strength fails,
 And faithful steel grows red with rust,
 And old heroic armies die,
 Heroic dust goes back to dust,

But

But still, come home across the weald
From bitter battles out in Gaul,
A Legion sleeps beside the camp,
And the Guards guard a Roman wall.

And far across the Surrey hills
The blank hut windows burn and blaze,
And the sun fires their bayonets now,
And their feet shake the white highways.

For though years pass and young strength fails
And dear Battalions march to die,
The loyal legions hold the hill
And their brave bugles wake the sky.

And these who safe in Surrey hills
By favour of the gods are home,
Keep still the Law whereby shall live
Valour and Promise of our Rome.

An old Song

THERE are so many of us now,
I and you and you—
Who need's must set our teeth and face
Whatever life may do, may do,
Whatever life may do.

They think us hard because we laugh,
I and you and you—
Our men went laughing out to die
So how else should we do, we do,
So how else should we do ?

But when these Happy are not near
Then I and you and you—
May break our hearts and weep our loves
As any girl must do, must do,
As any girl must do.

'It's a Spring Morning'

IT'S a Spring morning, and April, and the
world over
Beautiful girls and their lovers wake and laugh
with the sun,
And flowers lift their heads, and thrushes call
from the gardens,
And the War, the War, is done.

They buried her soldier-lover, heaped the earth
over,
Beautiful girls and their lovers wake, but he does
not stir,
They buried him cold at night with Love and
Youth and Laughter,
And the sad, sad heart of her.

The Golden Age

WE were very young and in love with life
 Five years ago ;
 Eighteen, nineteen, twenty, and twenty-one
 (And the years all go) :
 And love was ours and the world lay under our
 hands,
 And we laughed that it was so.

We were very young and in love with joy
 Before the war ;
 Golden lovers we had, splendid and true
 (They went to the War) :
 And love was ours and life lay under our hands,
 And we kissed and asked no more.

We were very young, we were very wise,
 For love is best ;
 Beauty and youth we lost, and then our loves
 (For Death took the best) :
 And life is ours and all we ask is life's ending,
 To find them and so have rest.

For —

YOUR heart was with your man beside
The blue Aegean sea,
But since I went to France you brought
Roses to give to me :
So I took English roses out to France
And all that there might be.
And my man died. I am so glad
Your roses went with me.

France

(To C. M. A. O.)

YOU also know
The way the dawns came slow
Over the railway stations out in France ;
And you have seen the Drafts entrain
By the blurred lanterns in the rain,
And wept the True Romance.

You've also gone;
Dead tired, stumbling on,
Over the pavé when the day was born ;
And weary beyond sleep lain down
And heard the clocks strike in the town,
Most young, and most forlorn.

And you have met
On lone roads in the wet
Field Batteries trotting North, and stood aside
And sent your heart with them to fight,
And ridden with them through the night
Until the pale stars died.

And you know too
How a man whistles through
The dark a line of some forgotten song ;

You've

You've seen the Leave Boat in, and then
 Gone back to jest with broken men
 Who once were swift and strong.

You know how black
 The night sea tides surged back
 On dock stones where the stretcher bearers
 kneeled ;
 And how the fog greyed the men's lips
 And the red crosses of the ships,
 And how the searchlights wheeled.

You've woke to see
 Death hurtle suddenly
 On to the hut roofs when the Gothas came ;
 And watched a man by Love possessed
 Fight through to morning, and go West
 Whispering his Girl's name.

Wherefore I know
 That you will serve also
 The living Vision men call Memory,
 And hold to the brave things we said,
 And keep faith with the faithful Dead—
 And speak of France with me.

Peace Celebrations, July 19, 1919

NOW is Young Love come home with Peace
they say :

Scarlet and blue the great flags lift and blow—
But I saw him ride out to War again,
One windy dawn in Paris, long ago.

Now Valour is come laughing home they say :
I saw him once go riding very slow
Down the wet boulevard with Memory,
When the King came to Paris, long ago.

*Women Demobilized**July 1919*

- NOW must we go again back to the world
Full of grey ghosts and voices of men dying,
And in the rain the sounding of Last Posts,
And Lovers' crying—
Back to the old, back to the empty world.

Now are put by the bugles and the drums,
And the worn spurs, and the great swords they
carried,

Now are we made most lonely, proudly, theirs,
The men we married :

Under the dome the long roll of the drums.

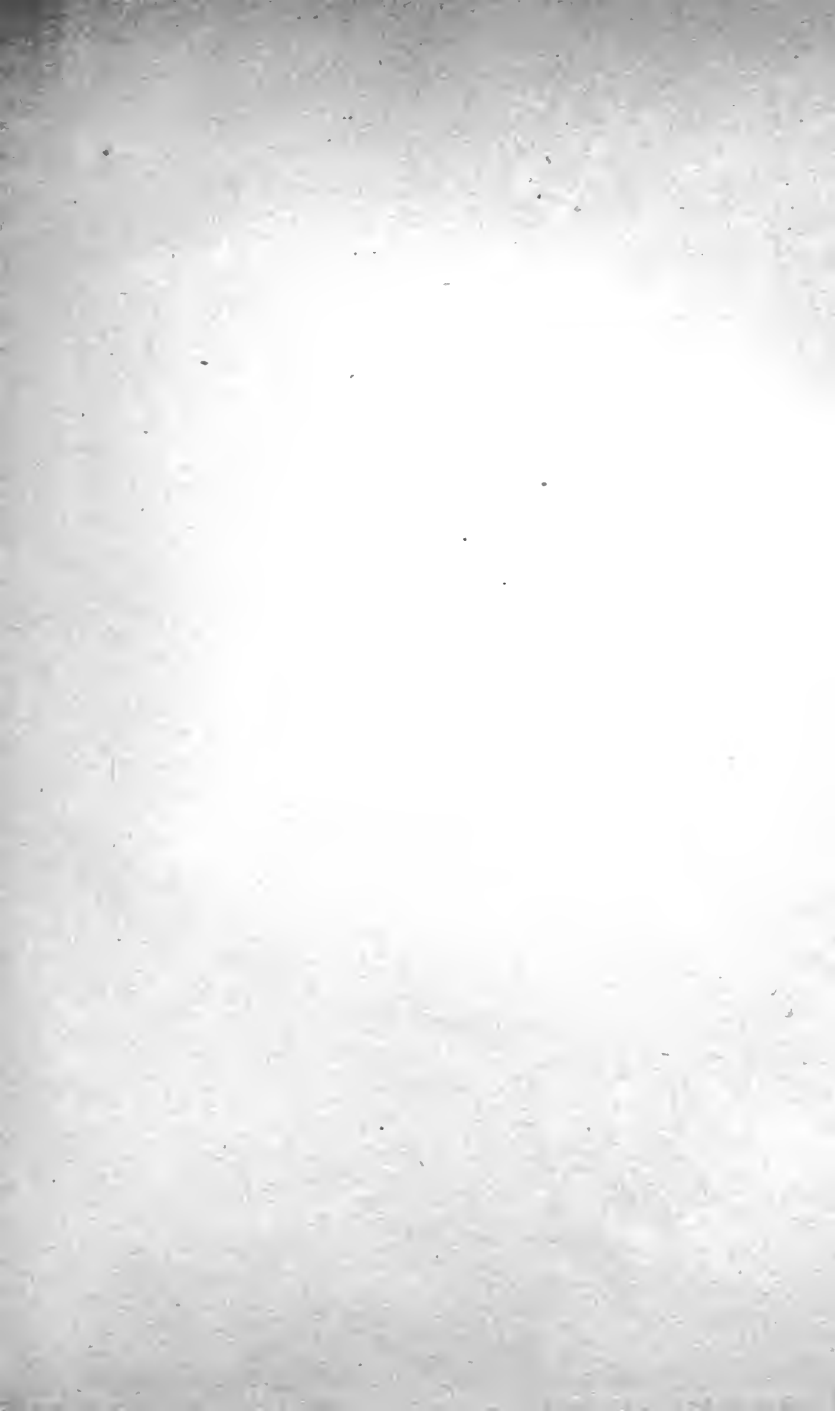
Now are the Fallen happy and sleep sound,
Now, in the end, to us is come the paying,
These who return will find the love they spend,
But we are praying
Love of our Lovers fallen who sleep sound.

Now in our hearts abides always our war,
Time brings, to us, no day for our forgetting,
Never for us is folded War away,
Dawn or sun setting,
Now in our hearts abides always our war.

‘ When the Vision dies . . . ’

WHEN the Vision dies in the dust of the
market-place,
When the Light is dim,
When you lift up your eyes and cannot behold his
face,
When your heart is far from him,

Know this is your War ; in this loneliest hour you
ride
Down the Roads he knew ;
Though he comes no more at night he will kneel
at your side,
For comfort to dream with you.



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